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useful and inspiring lesson to every true hearted aspirant after knowledge, who shall read it. In these days, there is nothing more useful to the public mind, nothing we might say so necessary, as the encouragement of a spirit like that of Jean Paul Richter, which treating with all the scorn that they deserve, the shewy advantages, and sensual gratifications, which wealth affords; proceeds in its bright career, stern yet cheerful, bold and independent towards man; pious, and humble, towards God.

The article "*On the Study of the Civil Law in England*" is powerfully written, and brings a great deal of learning to bear upon the subject—there is some personal controversy connected with party politics introduced, which might, with more propriety, have been spared in an article of this kind; but it was perhaps thought useful as the salt to savour a subject, rather tasteless in itself perhaps, yet one which is altogether worthy of studious investigation.

The paper on Animal Magnetism, gives to the English public a quantity of information respecting the progress and present state of this audacious quackery, on the continent, which we could not read without much astonishment. It gives a view at once curious, humiliating, and in some respects disgusting, of what insuendence on the one hand, and gross delusion on the other, may bring to pass. The French are rather worse than ourselves, in the ready encouragement which they give to anything, that has a smack of sensuality in it.

"*Dumont's Translation of Jeremy Bentham's Work on Judicature*," affords occasion for a closely and originally written paper. The same book has been reviewed in the Foreign Quarterly by Sir James Mackintosh, and because a man with a great name has written the article, it has been much talked about, while the paper in the Foreign Review has, in this country, received comparatively little attention. We protest against this absurd fashion of estimating literary worth, by the great name attached to it. Sir James, though he be Sir James, may write not a whit better, and probably will write with more prejudice, than men of less note. It is unworthy of any man of common sense to judge of any literary production, except by examination of the work itself, and it is the bane of modern literature that men whose names are up, are actually forced on by the temptations of publishers, to write about what they have not time to write well, in order that advantage may be taken of the present fashion of their name.

The article on "*Police*" has received more public discussion than any other paper in the present number of the Foreign Review. It is full of knowledge, and bounding with a fresh and vigorous spirit, but for our parts, we think it flies rather beyond the practical question of a good Metropolitan Police.

There is something too romantic in supposing an alarming constitutional danger, from an establishment of Police confined to the metropolis, every member of which is amenable to all the same laws that can be applied to any other subject of the realm. There is, however, this good in the public discussions to which this establishment has given rise—those who govern will be taught that they dare not attempt any really serious establishment for the invasion of the liberty of the subject, without having such a peal of public indignation rung in their ears, as like the noise of the trumpets of the priests of Jericho, would cause the walls of the citadel of their power, to fall down.

### *The Edinburgh Review.* No. XCIX.

THIS is the first number of the Edinburgh, that has come from the hands of the new Editor, Mr. Macvey Napier. There is nothing very remarkable about it, and on the whole it is but a poor number. Our Edinburgh correspondent informs us that there is no article from the pen of the present Editor. There are two from the late Editor, Mr. Jeffrey, and two by Mr. Brougham.

### *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* No. CLXI. for January, 1830.

THIS is not one of Blackwood's happiest efforts, though on the whole rather a good number. The first article, "*On the Education of the People*," from which we expected much, is in many places scarcely intelligible, and one feels strongly inclined to apply to it the good old rule *si vis non intelligi debes negligi*.

The *Wishing-Gate* is pleasant reading, though somewhat long; the paper which follows, on the condition of the lower orders, is in our opinion the best of the political articles; it is a lucid and able exposition of the distress and embarrassment under which the poor of these countries at present labour, and is written in a calmer and more temperate spirit than is always to be met with in Blackwood. The concluding article, a review of "*The Age*," a poem, is somewhat of the coarsest.

### *The Christian Examiner.* No. LV. for January, 1830. Dublin, Curry and Co.

THIS is the best number of the Christian Examiner we remember. The leading article on the Poor Laws, we conjecture from the style and the initials, is by Mr. Daly of Powerscourt. The miscellaneous communications are diversified and amusing. Paddy's Dream or a Sunday in Ireland, is a humorous sketch. The Review of Dialogues on Prophecy, is an able and temperate exposition of the writer's views on that important subject.

### *The Dublin Monthly Magazine.* A Literary and Theological Miscellany, 8vo.—Dublin, Tyrrell and Tims. January 1830.

WE have taken a hasty peep at this first number of a new Magazine which is only published to-day. It really promises very well. From the character of the Christian Examiner, already so well established in Dublin, we think the conductors would have done more wisely to have adopted a course completely distinct from that already occupied by the other; with the theological department of which they can scarcely hope to compete. The miscellaneous articles, however, seem to be spirited and clever, and we have little doubt of the success of the work, if followed up with the requisite energy and steadiness.

### CHRISTMAS CATHEDRAL SERVICE IN DUBLIN AND LONDON.

In Dublin, the regular course on Christmas day, for those profane persons who go to Church

Not for the doctrine, but the music there,

used to be to hie to the College Chapel, after an early breakfast, thence to Christ Church at half-past eleven, and finally to St. Patrick's in the afternoon, at all which places they were certain to be gratified with "most eloquent music." Christ Church has been shut up, because it

was in imminent danger of tumbling down; it is certainly in a most disgraceful plight, and we trust that the Chapter, or whatever body its safety keeping is entrusted to, will look to it, and that speedily, or we shall certainly ring a peal in their ears that will awake them to a sense of their duty. Failing the Cathedral, "one of us" repaired to the Castle Chapel, and was rewarded by hearing the same anthem as at College Chapel, sung and played of course in much inferior style, and then a plain practical sermon, suited to the day, by the Bishop of Ferns, whose son, Dr. Elrington, had just before preached in College. As the day was cloudy and cold, with occasional flakes of snow or sleet, at three I found myself "wrapped in my virtue and a close surtout" picking my steps through Kevin-street, and pondering on the sayings and doings of the worthy and witty Jonathan and his dearly beloved Roger, as I passed the deanery house, and winding my way through the paling of some tottering and pole-propped houses, turned up the illustrious avenue of Mitre Alley, which in one respect resembles the path to a place yet higher than the episcopal bench. Crossing the South Close, and entering the aisle by the door nearest Marsh's library, I soon perceived by the crowds of people hurrying to and fro, and eagerly soliciting the attention of Mr. Maguire or any of his gowned satellites, that the body of the Cathedral was already crowded to an overflow: I made an effort at the entrance under Lady Doneraile's monument, near the communion table; I did get four feet inside the door, at the expense of my temper and my hat, which were both demolished in the crush, but the obliging sexton, perceiving my distress, took compassion on my years and venerable appearance, and shewed me to a seat when I was retreating in despair. I had been told at the Castle Chapel that the Archbishop of Dublin was to preach at Patrick's in the afternoon, which made me the more anxious to secure a place, but when I saw the pulpit removed out of its ordinary place and rocking like a child's cradle at every movement of the crowd, I confess I felt considerably relieved on learning that there was to be no sermon.

Dr. Smith's fine evening service was performed very effectively. There are many striking passages in it, but I think it wants somewhat of the gravity and solemnity of the Cathedral style. It is liable to the same objection that was formerly made to the style of Pergolesi's church music, namely, that it had too much of the dramatic cast. However, there are beauties in it that much more than redeem any of its defects. The music of "*He hath shewed strength*," &c. in the Magnificat, is particularly fine, and both the opening and the close of the Nunc dimittis, deserve the highest praise. The Gloria Patri, though not deficient in effect, appears too light. The Voluntary (performed during the collection for the poor,) was new to me, and not as good as usual.—There was nothing particularly striking either in the subject or the execution.

The anthem was that selected from the Messiah; the same as had been given at the chapels of the college and the castle. Alas for the glories departed! Robinson is a splendid singer, but he is scarcely a "worthy rival of the glorious three," Spray, Weyman, Jager. "*There were Shepherds*" was not sung with the same spirit and effect that I have been accustomed to hear it, though the accompaniments

were extremely well performed. I doubt much, however, whether it be an improvement to adopt Haydn's style in the accompaniments to Handel's recitatives—I mean striking the chords à la harpe.

The chorus "*Glory to God*" was admirably executed, Mr. W. Robinson sings the bass solos "*Behold darkness,*" and "*the people that walked,*" with great spirit and good taste. His upper notes are very much improved. Mozart's accompaniment was well executed by the organist, Mr. J. Robinson; but Handel alone was fit to compose accompaniments to his own songs. The noble chorus "*For unto us a child is born*" followed Mr. Robinson's solo. Both the vocal and instrumental parts were excellently given.

We must defer all notice of the "dim religious light" illuming the gothic arches and the arms and banners of the knights, and all the other concurring circumstances which contribute to produce a powerful impression on the mind, and render it more susceptible to the influence of music in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, and pass at once to Westminster Abbey, where also "one of us" was spending his Christmas.

#### "ONE OF US" IN LONDON.

LONDON is so huge a place, that there are generally two or three different sorts of weather in it at the same time. Down in the thick of the city, Christmas day was a bitter black stern-looking day, varied only by occasional drifting showers of snow, borne on a piercing blast from the north-east. But in the Regent's Park, it was *toute autre chose*. The morning was absolutely beautiful; the crisp and clean snow, glanced on the bright beams of the sun, and the brisk sharp breeze that swept over the wide expanse of the Park, carried along with it the lighter particles of the snow which looked like a little diamondy shower as it was borne on the wind. Then, in the distance, the rising grounds of Highgate and Hampstead, with their villas and snow-powdered trees, had a certain cockney nobleness of aspect, glowing as they were in the morning light.

There has been a beautiful new Church built in the Regent's Park; the simple yet elegant architecture of which, is a very pleasing proof that genuine good taste in this kind of building has not *entirely* passed away from us, notwithstanding, the vulgar specimens of utter tastelessness displayed in most of the edifices which the commissioners for building new churches have caused to be erected, for the good of religion, and the disgrace of our architectural reputation.

Here, there were excellent prayers, at which no body knelt, and the people were dismissed without a sermon, *contra morem hibernicum*. When three o'clock came, I found myself from habit, being an old Saint Patrick's going man, on my way to Westminster Abbey to hear evening service. How different was the present scene from my old recollections. Instead of hurrying through mean and dirty streets, observing before and behind and on either side of me, groups of people eagerly pressing forward to be in time to get standing room where they might listen to the sublime and delightful music of Saint Patrick's, I found myself in the wide and noble street of Whitehall, surrounded by the public buildings of the greatest city in the world.

Here there was no crowd, no hurry—all was

cold and spacious, silent and frosty. I proceeded down Parliament-street, and as I reached the end of it, where the full view of the western end of the Abbey appears before one, I paused to gaze in silent admiration upon the venerable building. It is, indeed, extremely beautiful. The declining but ruddy rays of a wintry sun, beamed full upon those towers of such admirable proportion, which flank the western entrance, and not even the keen feel of the sharp frosty air, could dissipate the soft and tranquillizing effect which the sight of such architectural harmony produces upon the mind. The crimson beam of a December sun, seemed, as it rested upon these towers, to have all the mellowness of the evening tints of autumn.

The parish Church of Saint Margaret's, which is a common-place ugly thing without, but a very handsome church within, is horribly in the way, in the place where it stands. It obstructs the view of the eastern end of the Abbey exceedingly, and with all deference to the worthy parishioners, I wish it were blown up, if it could be done without injury to the noble building which stands so near.

I entered the abbey by poets' corner, the narrowest and meanest of all the entrances, but the only one which, according to the tasteful arrangements of those who manage the concerns of the abbey, is left open. I went in absolutely *alone*, and was immediately asked by a gowned menial, "did I want a seat," meaning thereby, did I propose to pay a shilling for one; to which having responded in the affirmative, I was soon seated in the great chapel, of the exquisite beauty of which, I feel myself utterly unable to give anything like an adequate idea. It occupies the eastern end of the principal aisle, or stem of the cross, in which form the abbey is built, and is separated from the open space by a screen of oak, which is not sufficiently lofty to admit of a gallery, except at the western extremity, where the organ is placed; but to the eye, this gallery even, seems almost on the ground, so insignificant is its height, compared with that of the gilded arches of grey stone, which form the roof, far far in the lofty distance above it.

The effect of this arrangement is, that the sound of speaking or of singing, no sooner rises above the height of the screen, than it is dissipated into the vast area of the abbey, and nothing short of immense power, would produce any thing like important effect. But the power of sound employed is very very far inferior to that in Saint Patrick's. The organ is not nearly so large, nor so loud, and its effect is absolutely pitiful in so vast a place. How gloriously would the trumpet notes of Saint Patrick's organ have echoed there—how would the sound have climbed along the lofty slender stems, and arches rising over arches, and at last have died away, lingering amid the remote and elaborate tracery of that cold grey stone!

But all in Westminster Abbey is cold and wretched; there is no force, no heart in it: no crowd—no eagerness—no panting expectation; no galleries beaming with all but seraphic beauty—no music worth being listened to—nothing but beggarly economy, and cold despatch, in one of the noblest temples ever dedicated by man to God. Two or three paltry chandeliers suspended from the lofty roof, were filled with about a dozen nasty small yellow dipped candles, while a bunch of holly tied around the stalk of each chandelier, looked in such com-

pany, like a bunch of greens stuck up in a green-grocer's shop. The desks at which the choir sat, were lighted, or rather darkness was made visible around them, by little bits of tall and wick, not thicker than a common wax taper, and to which, farthing rush-lights would have been absolute magnificence. They attempted to sing, "*Comfort ye my people,*" with the air of "*Every Valley,*" and the hallelujah chorus. Ashes of Spray! what a falling off, from what I had been accustomed to. The commencement of the anthem was correctly sung, but with very little force or expression; towards the conclusion of the recitative, however, the singer's voice broke in pieces, and the flaws wandered away God knows where, certainly not in the track of Handel's music.

A young boy went through the air of "*Every Valley,*," he sung, or tried to sing, after such a fashion as we might expect from a boy performing a school lesson, who knew that plumb-pudding was to be eaten, as soon as the lesson was done. But the most miserable thing of all, was the chorus. Good heaven! what might not the hallelujah chorus be in Westminster Abbey! and what a poor childish screaming performance it was. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, half a dozen persons with military fifes, playing the hallelujah chorus, under Dean Swift's monument in Saint Patrick's aisle, and you may have some notion of what it was.

The place was miserably cold; there was no sermon—I was glad of it—I was glad to get away from a place where all was paltry except the building, and the design for which we were gathered together.

When the service was done, we were turned out—literally *turned out*! and hurried along past the splendid monuments erected to the mighty dead, by the *urging voice* of a scoundrel sexton, who feared that if the congregation were suffered to delay in going out, long enough to see the monuments, there might be fewer sixpences taken at the door next day!

As I came out, the snow pelted bitterly in my teeth: welcome snow—welcome bitter cold—welcome anything—to escape from the contemplation of disgusting, degrading, low and vulgar menial covetousness, in that glorious pile—the great, the noble, the far-renowned Westminster Abbey!

#### THE DRAMA.

MASSANIELLO has been the principal object of attraction at our theatre lately. The music, though superior to most of the productions of the French school, and far above the fade frippery and affected pathos with which Boeldieu overloads his composition, is not altogether free from plagiarism, it is doubtless fair enough to steal from the Italians when illustrating a portion of their history, and we can see no objection to the Barcarole being a genuine one, as well as the real offspring of M. Auber's mind; yet must we positively pronounce against the injustice of robbing us of one of the few melodies we can call our own, and we are ready to swear to our property in the "*Market Chorus*" of the Opera, which we at once identified as the air of Caleb Quotem.

The overture is a solecism in musical composition, being more of the nature of a *Fantasia*, in which the songs of the Piece form the principal themes. The Barcarole is indeed beautiful, and nothing can exceed the fine effect of